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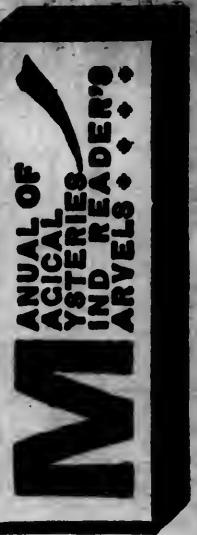
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GIMME MA MONEY

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Words and music by Nathan Bivins.

Last night I went to a big crap game,
How dem coons did gamble wuz a sin and a shame,
Coats and hats wuz layin' all over de floor,
De house wuz crowded wid lots of toughs,
Wid race horse touts wuz awful rough,
One coon got broke, and dese the words he said:

REFRAIN.

Gimme ma money, don't think you're funny,
'Cause I'm a nigger—you don't cut no figure;
I'm gambling for my Sadie, 'cause she's my lady,
I'm a hustling coon, and dat's just what I am.
From dere I goes to de Odd Fellows Hall,
To have a good time and dat wuz all,
Another crap game wuz going on among a lot of touts.
I shoots two bits, dat's all I had;
When I lost it, of course dat made me mad,
"Stop dat music," I began to shout.—*Refrain.*
On de floor I dropped a ten-dollar bill,
A gal put her foot on't, her name wuz Lili,
I says, Lady, will you please, mam, look out.
She says, Young man, if you get gay,
I'll have my friend to put you away,
And to dis gal I could not help but shout:—*Refrain.*

BRAVE DEWEY AND HIS MEN (DOWN AT MANILA BAY.)

Copyright, 1898, by Dixie Music Co., N. Y.
Words by E. F. Galvin. Music by Thos. M. Kane.

A squadron lay at break of day with enemy in view,
Each boat and tar had sailed afar a glorious deed to do.
American each ship and man, fought that eventful fray!
"Twas Dewey's fleet the foe did meet down at Manila Bay.

CHORUS.

Then raise a cheer all earth can hear, and three times three again,
The noblest tars who sail the sea, brave Dewey and his men!
Then raise a cheer, all earth can hear, and three times three again,
The noblest tars who sail the sea, brave Dewey and his men!
A gallant dash, a roar, a crash, our guns spoke faultlessly,
And Dewey brave quick orders gave, which made new history.
At cannon's mouth our tars did shout, "Avenge the Maine to day!"
All Spain now weeps, four hundred sleeps down at Manila Bay.—*Chorus.*
The Castile flag, that yellow rag, has dipped to rise no more,
The stripes and stars, and our loved tars, are masters on the shore.
Those heroes grand throughout the land are idolized to day!
Our foes are slain, no more of Spain down at Manila Bay.—*Chorus.*

THE HERO OF MANILA BAY

Copyright, 1898, by Tom J. Quigley.
Words and Music by Tom J. Quigley.

You have heard of the world's great battles,
And the heroes on land and sea;
There are many whose names are mentioned
Who have shown their bravery;
But the greatest fight in history was fought on the first of May,
By Commodore George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay.

CHORUS.

Then let every American patriot his sincere homage pay,
And sound his praises as he ought, for the man who led the way;
For never was such a battle fought, or victory gained in a day,
As the one by Commodore George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay.
Tho' his course was fraught with danger,
And the enemy's guns in sight,
Each moment might bring destruction,
As he sailed in the bay that night;
When told of the desperate chances, he remembered the Maine and said:
"I must avenge our heroes; I order you to steam ahead!"—*Chorus.*
Ah! no one can tell the horror
And surprise at break of day,
When the Spaniards saw our navy
Floating proudly on the bay.
Then with a thund'rous rattle that terrible fight began;
But Dewey crushed their forces without the loss of one brave man.—*Chorus.*

I LOVE HER JUST THE SAME

Copyright, 1898, by Chas. K. Harris.
Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris.

Within an humble cottage sits a broken-hearted man,
His little girl is sobbing on his knee.
A letter on the table tells the same old, plaintive tale,
She's left her home with all its poverty.
He holds his darling in his arms, looks at her tearful face:
"Perhaps, my child, your mother's not to blame;
The path to sin she's taken, her loved ones are forsaken;
Don't cry, my dear, I love her just the same."

CHORUS.

"I love her, yes, I love her just the same,
Although she's fled and has disgraced my name,
Though she's gone with another, she's still my baby's mother,
And I love her, yes, I love her just the same."
The music's softly playing in a ball-room, oh! so grand,
The lights are flashing on the dancers fair;
There's no thought of the 'morrow in that gay and giddy crowd,
Whose heartless laughter rings upon the air.
Yet, there is one amid the throng, who once was pure and true,
But now whose pallid face speaks of her shame;
She's thinking of her loved ones, of baby, home and husband;
Will he forgive and love her just the same.—*Chorus.*
The father and his little girl came to that city grand,
They searched for many days, but all in vain;
They're looking for a loved one, whom they never can forget,
To bring her back to home and friends again.
They hear a scream, what can it mean, the child cries out, "Mamma;"
His wife is kneeling at his feet in shame;
She cries, "Oh, John, forgive me; I know that I've been guilty;
For baby's sake, please take me home again."—*Chorus.*

Sing Again that Sweet Refrain

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Guste L. Davis.

The music hall was crowded in a city o'er the sea,
And brilliant lights were burning ev'rywhere,
The songs and witty sayings filled the audience with glee,
For the minstrels from the sunny South were there!
A minstrel sang a song about his old plantation home,
Down upon the Swannee River far away;
Then a gray-haired, aged darky sat in sadness and in gloom,
He rose, and this is what they heard him say:

REFRAIN.

Sing again that sweet refrain, "Dar's where the old folks stay;"
It takes me back to slav'ry days, before I was sold away;
Along de Swannee River banks, dar's where I used to roam;
Now I'se old and gray, and far away, "far from the old folks at home."

The minstrel sang the song again, and eyes grew dim with tears,
The aged darky sat with head bowed low,
And something in his heart awoke, that slumbered there for years,
"Twas the memory of a mother long ago.
The play let out to loud applause, and when the curtain fell,
The darky slowly tottered on his way,
Thinking of the sweet-voiced singer, and the song he'd sung so well,
Thinking of the song that made him rise and say:—*Refrain.*

BACK TO THE ONLY GIRL I LOVE

Copyright, MDCCXCXVI, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Sad was the hour that we parted, well I remember the day
We quarreled, and then, broken-hearted, we each then went our way,
But still she must think of me sometimes, she does not forget me, I pray;
Our paths though apart, yet I feel in my heart she will take me back [some day].

CHORUS.

Back to the only girl I love, back to the one I think most of;
Happy I'd be if I only could see my dear little, sweet little loved one,
Even the stars all seem to say, there'll come a time not far away,
So be of light heart, tho' now far apart, she'll take you back some day.

Too soon our dream it was broken—oh, how my heart it did pain,
And each tender, sweet little thing she sent me back again; [on their way].
While weeks they have gone since we parted, and months, too, have passed
No doubt she regrets, and the past, too, forgets, and will take me back [some day].—*Chorus.*

My Mother's Kiss Was the Sweetest Of Them All

Copyright, 1890, by T. B. Harms & Co.

Words and Music by Harry F. Allen.

How well do I remember the years that have gone by,
When a youth my paths were always strewn with flowers;
I never realized the future of sorrow and all care,
That my mother would advise me every hour.
When seated by her side life's story she would tell,
She would tell me how in manhood I could fail;
I would kiss those wither'd lips that I so long have missed,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.

CHORUS.

You may kiss your wife, your child, your sister or your brother,
They may all be sweet, but still for one you'll call;
In sorrow or distress, I always will confess,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.

Many times I think of mother sitting in that oaken chair,
While the fire in the hearth was burning bright;
I would listen with amazement to the stories she would tell,
And now fondly I would wish 'twas but to-night,
It seems but like a dream since last dear mother I've seen,
Her last words: "My boy, be careful, never fall!"
I kissed her then "good-bye" and she closed her loving eyes,
My mother's kiss was sweetest of them all.—*Chorus.*

WHAT YANKEE LADS WILL DO

Copyright, 1898, by Dixie Music Co.

Words by Edward F. Galvin. Music by Thos. M. Kane.

Ring out the martial summons throughout our land to day;
A nation's voice hath spoken, the blended blue and gray;
Salute our starry banner, 'twas born of the heaven's blue;
We'll teach the cruel traitors what Yankee lads will do!
We'll teach the cruel traitors what Yankee lads will do!

CHORUS.

We go to fight the foemen, God speed the Gray and Blue;
Our flag's unfurled, we'll show the world what Yankee lads will do!
We go to fight the foemen, God speed the Gray and Blue;
Our flag's unfurled, we'll show the world what Yankee lads will do!

The day has come for action, our wrath is just and deep;
We'll right the wrong we suffered, where martyr'd heroes sleep;
They died at Freedom's altar, unchalleng'd, brave and true;
We'll show the Maine's destroyers what Yankee lads will do!
We'll show the Maine's destroyers what Yankee lads will do!—*Chorus.*

We're sworn to sacred duty, our tars will sweep the sea;
The Maine will be remember'd, God frowns on treachery;
The long roll sounds now, freemen, your glorious deeds renew;
No flag of truce! show traitors what Yankee lads will do!
No flag of truce! show traitors what Yankee lads will do!—*Chorus.*

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THE CHURCH ACROSS THE WAY

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.
Words and Music by Wm. Benson Gray.

One Easter Sunday morning, while the sun was shining clear,
And good folks to the old church came the parson's prayers to hear,
They little knew while seated there, upon that blessed day,
A human life was ending in a home just o'er the way.
A man in deepest poverty, without a single friend,
Would answer soon the call of death; his life was nearing end,
With no one there to comfort him, no tender words to say—
He heard the morning service in the church across the way.

CHORUS.

The minister was preaching his good and sacred teaching,
The congregation sat in ecstasy;
The bells had just ceased ringing, the choir was sweetly singing
"Ne'er my God to thee."

The preacher's words touched ev'ry heart within those sacred walls;
He told how honor always thrives and how deception falls.
The outcast in that humble home, whose life had been a blank,
Sighed softly at those truthful words as nearer death he sank;
He knew not that the preacher was his honored brother Ned,
Whom he'd not seen for years, not since to hide his crime he fled.
If he could live life o'er again, his thoughts would never stray
From each word taught that morning in the church across the way.—*Cho.*

MY DAD'S THE ENGINEER

Copyright, MDCCCV, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

We were none of us thinking of danger,
As the train sped on in the night,
Till the flames from a burning forest
Made the passengers wild with fright,
Then a tiny maid near a window, with a smile, said,
"There's nothing to fear;
I'm sure that no harm will befall you,
My Dad's the engineer."

REFRAIN.

"Daddy's on the engine, don't be afraid;
Daddy knows what he is doing," said the little maid;
"We'll soon be out of danger, don't you ever fear;
Every one is safe, because my Dad's the engineer."

With the sparks falling closely about us,
Thro' the flames we sped on so fast,
And the brave little maid's father
Brought us thro' the danger all safe at last;
And the proud, sweet face of his lassie,
And the words of the calm, little dear,
Will live in my mem'ry forever,
"My Dad's the engineer."—*Refrain.*

WHEN YOU ASK A GIRL TO LEAVE A Happy Home

Copyright, 1895, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London

Words and Music by Wm. R. Gray.

At a kind old mother's side sat her eldest boy, her pride,
Who would soon arrive at manhood's stage of life,
When the lad began to tell of a girl he loved so well,
And intended asking her to be his wife.
On that loving mother's face care at once your eye could trace,
Like the change of brightest sunlight into gloam.
"Have you stopped to think," said she, "what your lot in life should be
Ere you ask a girl to leave a happy home?"

CHORUS.

When you ask a girl to leave a happy homestead,
And to sail with you o'er matrimony's foam,
You should have employment then, earn your way and living,
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home.

When the kind old mother said, "Tell me, lad, if you were wed,
How could you support a wife and dress her well?"
Said the lad, "Why, we could live on the money you would give,
And in one of father's houses we could dwell."
"But the girl," the mother cried, "has a dignity and pride;
To depend on us, from home would never roam;
Though we'll help you all we can, we want you to act a man,
When you ask a girl to leave a happy home."—*Chorus.*

Arrah, Go On!

Copyright, 1895, by Francis, Day & Hunter. English copyright secured.
Words and Music by Felix McGlennan.

I'm a decent young colleen just over from Ireland,
And all of the boys seem to run after me;
Sure, they think 'kase I'm Irish there's green in my optic,
But, faith, there's no green in my eye, you can see.
I know which from whether, and this from the other;
I know their decavin', deluhurin' way—
And so, when they come wid their coaxin' and mashin',
I only wink at them and to them I say:

CHORUS.

"Arrah, go on! you're simply tazin'!
Pon my word, you're something awful!
Love me alone! you're mighty plazin'; arrah! go 'way, go on;
Go wid ye, go 'way; go wid ye, go 'way, go on!"

There's wan of them carries up bricks to the mortar,
He tells me he has a fine gentleman's shop;
For all he's got to do is to climb up the ladder,
And the work is all done by the man at the top.
He says it's himself cud keep me like a lady;
He's "wan-wan" a week, and he overtime, too;
He swears I can have his "wan-wan" if I'll marry,
But I only laugh and then say, "Wlr-ras-tru!"—*Chorus.*
Another wan is a big lump of a p'liceman,
He's not long from Ireland, his name is Mick Lynn;
And he swears if he sees any others come mashin',
Bedad and begorra! he'll run them all in.
He's give me a watch—I can guess where he got it,
For he's on night duty; he sees me by day.
He swears to be true, a big oath on his truncheon,
But I only luk at his feet and I say:—*Chorus.*

Venus, My Shining Love

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by George M. Cohan.

'Most ev'ry one has a sweetheart with beautiful eyes that shine;
I'm not acquainted with your love, but you're well acquainted with mine.
Excelling all other ladies, fairer than any by far;
You must admit that the brightest of all is Venus, my shining star.

CHORUS.

Venus, beautiful Venus, how bright you shine;
None shall e'er come between us, sweet Venus mine.
None as bright as my darling so far up above—
Venus, my beautiful Venus, my shining love.

Some say true love never runs smoothly, but with them I disagree;
Not a cross word has been uttered 'twixt Venus, my loved one, and me.
Leading my star to the altar was my most beautiful dream:
When I compare her with Saturn or Mars, like darkness to her they seem.

—*Chorus.*

TURKEY IN DE STRAW

As sung by Sanford and Wilson.

Went down to New Orleans, got on a fence,
Tom Turkey in de buckwheat straw,
Dutchman asked me I talk French,
Dat's nine points ob de law.
Hit 'em in de head wid a great big brick,
Tom Turkey in de buckwheat straw,
 Didn't I make dat nigger look sick,
Dat's nine points ob de law.

CHORUS.

Den a turkey in a straw, den a turkey in a straw,
Den a turkey in a straw, den a turkey in a straw,
Roll a web of straw 'round to hide the turkey's paw,
And we'll shake 'em up a tune called turkey in a straw.

Tobacco am an ingle weed,
Tom Turkey in de buckwheat straw,
From de debil it did seed,
Dat's nine points ob de law.
Rots your pocket, scents your clothes,
Tom Turkey in a buckwheat straw,
Makes a chimney of your nose,
Dat's nine points ob de law.—*Chorus.*

WON'T YOU BE MY LITTLE GIRL?

Copyright, 1896, by The Homer Tourjee Pub. Co.

Words by Isaac G. Reynolds. Music by Homer Tourjee.

A poor little ragged child, tears were in each pretty eye,
Stood midst the city's throng, pleading with all who passed by.
Crowds gathered by her side, waiting her story to hear,
Every one pitied her, "most" every one shed a tear;
I have no place to go, were the sad words that she said;
Nobody cares for me now that my mother is dead;
Then some kind-hearted man led the poor orphan away,
Holding her to his heart, then the sweet child heard him say:

CHORUS.

Won't you be my little girl—I had a child once like you;
She had those same pretty curls, and those same bright eyes of blue,
So I will love you the same, and you'll be my own little pearl; "girl?"
My little child she's in heaven with your ma, so won't you be "my little

At home sat his darling wife, hair now gray, tho' young in years,
She held a photograph, covered with mother's sad tears,
'Twas of her own dear child, whom she will see here no more;
She treasures all the toys her baby left on the floor.
Husband, returning home, met his dear wife at the door.
"Here is a child," he said; "you'll not be sad any more."
With fond caresses then, and with a mother's kind way,
She changed the ragged dress, while to the child she did say:—*Cho.*

TAPIOCA

When I used to work upon the levee,
Many happy darkies there you see,
Cotton coming in so very heavy,
Oh! jolly, there was lots of work for me,
Black man hauling in the cargo,
Sun am very hot upon the head;
When he's done he dance a jolly jargo,
Rum, tum, on the banjo and then to bed.

CHORUS.

To my oakum, to my chokum, oh! Pompey, can't you pick a peck of oakum;
Ah! ah! ah! golly ain't the levee nigger free.
Working on the cotton-boat, ten shilling a day;
Johnny, can't you pick upon the banjo;
Oh! me, oh! my, mamma, mamma, mamma, don't you hear the baby cry;
Oh! me, oh! my, ah mamma, mamma, mamma, don't you hear the baby cry.

When I used to work off in the river,
Satin wood and water all the day,
Chilly wind he come and make me shiver,
Oh, glad this child he was to get away.
White man he gave me silver dollar,
Every day I work upon the dock;
Then I get some whiskey and I holler,
Blom'e, blom'e, Caterrego rock.—*Chorus.*
This child is fond of fried 'tateo,
Catfish and coffee, oh, it's nice;
Make him feel just like an alligator
When him just about to catch a mice.
When the bell he rings I go to dinner,
Den I goes and see my Dinah, dear,
I'll marry her as sure as I'm a sinner,
And love her all the days that's in the year.—*Chorus.*

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THE VOLUNTEER ORGANIST

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Words by Wm. B. Glenroy. Music by Henry Lamb.

The preacher in the village church one Sunday morning said,
Our organist is ill to-day, will some one play instead?
An anxious look crept o'er the face of every person there,
As eagerly they watched to see who'd fill the vacant chair.
A man then staggered down the aisle, whose clothes were old and torn;
How strange a drunkard seemed to me in church on Sunday morn,
But as he touched the organ keys without a single word,
The melody that followed was the sweetest ever heard.

REFRAIN.

The scene was one I'll ne'er forget as long as I may live,
And just to see it o'er again all earthly wealth I'd give;
The congregation all amazed, the preacher old and gray,
The organ and the organist who volunteered to play.

Each eye shed tears within that church, the strongest men grew pale,
The organist in melody had told his own life's tale;
The sermon of the preacher was no lesson to compare
With that of life's example who sat in the organ chair.
And when the service ended not a soul had left a seat,
Except the poor old organist, who started toward the street;
Along the aisle and out the door he slowly walked away,
The preacher rose and softly said, good brethren, let us pray.—*Ref.*

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW

Copyright, 1891, by Chas. K. Harris.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Joe Claudio.

A vision of beauty greets my eyes, a girl with an angel face.
As she stands beneath the gleaming lights, with oh, such careless grace;
Lovers all crowd around her throne, there is no place for me,
As I stand in the midst of the mighty crowd, I am thinking, my love, of
You'll never know the pain I feel, gazing on thy face bright, [thee;
You'll never know the dull heartache throbbing in me to-night.
I can't believe that you are false; would you then have it so?
Though my heart may break to-night, you will never know.

CHORUS.

You'll never know when my heart is sad,
You'll never know that my love you had;
If there be one, but one regret,
You'll never know, you'll never know,
Tho' my heart break, you'll never know.

The carriage is waiting at the door, a maiden so fair steps in,
The light has faded from her eyes, can she be thinking of him?
He thinks me false, unkind, untrue, could he but read my heart,
The answer there would then declare, love, we shall never part.
You'll never know the pain I felt, coldly you turned away.
You'll never know the fears that fall, falling for you to-day.
I must be smiling, bright and gay, and to the world not show
How long to see your face; you will never know.—*Chorus.*

TOM AND I'LL GO TOO

Copyright, 1893, by Spaulding & Kornder.

Words and Music by Chas. Graham.

Before the grim old judge they stood, a mother, girl and boy,
The father faced his children and his wife;
He said that she had wronged him, tho' she once had been his joy,
He sought a separation there for life.
The judge said, I will part you, for your hearts are strangers now,
The boy can with his mother always stay,
And if the girl is willing she can with her father go.
The little daughter then began to say:

REFRAIN.

My home will be with mother, for I'll never have another,
If I should leave her now what would she do;
I love you, dad, sincerely, and my mother just as dearly,
Take mother home, then Tom and I'll go too.

The father tho' of happy days before the babes were born,
Before estrangement, jealousy and pride,
The promises and vows he made upon their wedding morn,
The loving woman who became his bride.
The loyalty of childhood proved that she was faithful still,
Upon her good name there was not a stain;
The veil was torn asunder, and they never will forget
The words that made them man and wife again:—*Refain.*

THE MINER'S DREAM OF HOME

Copyright, 1891, by Francis, Day & Hunter.

Written and Composed by Will Goodman and Leo Dryden.
It is ten weary years since I left Ireland's shore,
In a far distant country to roam;
How I long to return to my own native land;
To my friends and the old folks at home.
Last night, as I slumbered, I had a strange dream,
One that seemed to bring distant friends near;
I dreamt of old England, the land of my birth,
To the heart of her sons ever dear.

REFRAIN.

I saw the old homestead and faces I love; I saw England's valleys & dells;
I listened with joy, as I did when a boy, to the sound of the old village bells;
The log was burning brightly—'twas a night that should banish all sin,
For the bells were ringing the old year out and the new year in.

While the joyous bells rang, swift I wended my way
To the cot where I lived when a boy;
And I looked in the window, yes, there, by the fire,
Sat my parents—my heart filled with joy.
The tears trickled fast down my bronzed, furrowed cheeks,
As I gazed on my mother so dear;
I knew in my heart she was raising a prayer
For the boy whom she dreamt not was near.—*Refain.*

At the door of the cottage we met face to face,
'Twas the first time for ten weary years;
Soon the past was forgotten—we stood hand in hand—
Father, mother and wanderer in tears.
Once more in the fireplace the oak log burns bright,
And I promised no more would I roam;
As I sit in the old vacant chair by the hearth,
And I sing the dear song "Home, Sweet Home."—*Refain.*

THE MIDWAY PALOMA

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words by James Thornton. Music adapted from the Spanish.

Oh, Santiago, and de Lumbago,
And the Señorita dat will pull-a de leg-o;
Oh, Mexico and the Mexicanao,
And de Dago sella de ripe banana;
The night go and de Dago from Itallo,
Standing on the corner, selling the hot tamalio;
Hidalgo Espagnola from San Marlio,
And "the man that broke the bank at Monte Carlo;"
And the mandolins will ring, and Signora will sing
"Daddy won't buy me a bow-wow-wow-wow,
Bow-wow-wow-wow-wow."

"After the ball-o," "Collar and elbow,"

"He never cares to wander-o," "De cat came back o."

"The man in the moon-o" marry him soon-o, alia.

Oh, cigarette, and de cigarro,
Wheeling, West Virginia, in a wheelbarrio;

Oh, Silver Bill and the Buffalo Billio,

I don't know how much I owe, Th Willio.

A young girl went to supper with my brother-o,

Now one of his legs is longer than the other-o;

When she left him he didn't have a son-i-o,

For she was one of the "Two little girls in blue-i-o."

Oh, he bought her a ring and the maiden will sing,

There's a Jay born each minute or two-i,

Minute or two-i-o.

Oh, Carmencita, Regaloncita,

And Paquette, I'm going to meet her just down the street-a,

With her big feet-a, never looked sweeter, alia.

I HANDED IT OVER TO RILEY

Copyright, 1892, by Frank Tousey. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words by Albert Hall. Music by Felix McGlennon.

There never were two stamper pals
Than I and my chum Johnny Riley;
We'd booze together or flirt with gals,
And we valued each other highly;
Whenever there was any booze to be got,
Or somebody paid for the keg or pot,
I would collar the measure and gulp the lot,
Then I handed it over to Riley.

CHORUS.

For Riley and I were chums, and we always shared
Black eyes or sugar plums, the divil a hair we cared;
When there was anything nice about, take my word,
That when I had done, I handed it on to Riley.

One day while I was on a spree
Along with my chum Johnny Riley,
One of those men they call a "D"
Came in and surveyed us slyly,

Then he grabbed me gently by the ear,
And whispered, "Young man, I've a warrant here!"
Well, I took that warrant in the greatest fear,

Then I handed it over to Riley.—*Chorus.*

One night I found a watch and chain
While out with my chum Johnny Riley,
And he for his share did soon complain,

And he did it so awfully wily,
But as by a lamp we chanced to pass,
I saw by the light of the flaring gas

That the watch was gold but the chain was brass,
So the chain went over to Riley.—*Chorus.*

One sweet spring morn I took a wife,
My best, of course, was Riley;

I thought she'd be the joy of my life,
For she acted so very shyly;

But I soon found that marriage was no great fun,
For she chased me 'round the house with a gun,

Till I said, "Dear madam, with you I've done,"
And I handed her over to Riley.—*Chorus.*

She May Have Seen Better Days

Copyright, 1894, by T. B. Harms & Co. English copyright secured.

Words and Music by James Thornton.

While strolling along with the city's vast throng,
On a night that was bitter cold,

I noticed a crowd, who were laughing aloud

At something they chanced to behold;

I stopped for to see what the object could be,
And there, on a doorstep, lay

A woman in tears, from the crowd's angry jeers,

And then I heard somebody say:

CHORUS.

She may have seen better days, when she was in her prime;
She may have seen better days once upon a time;

Though by the wayside she fell, she may yet mend her ways;
Some poor, old mother is waiting for her, who has seen better days.

If we could but tell why the poor creature fell,

Perhaps we'd not be so severe;

If the truth were but known of this outcast alone,

Mayhap we would all shed a tear.

She was once some one's joy, just aside like a toy—

Abandoned, forsaken, unknown.

Every man standing by had a tear in his eye,

For some had a daughter at home.—*Chorus.*

The crowd went away, but I longer did stay;

For from her I was loath to depart;

I knew by her moan, as she sat there alone,

That something was breaking her heart;

She told me her life, she was once a good wife,

Respected and honored by all;

Her husband had died ere they were long wed,

And tears down her cheeks sadly fall.—*Chorus.*



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108 Park Row, New York. Catalogue of all our publications mailed Free upon application.

Maggie Maguire

Copyright, 1890, by Howard & Co. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

By Harry Casting and Wm. B. Gray.

Of pretty girls the singers sing, and poets of them write,
But Jimmy Johnson has a girl who's simply "out of sight;"
Indoors or out, he raves about their happy wedding day,
And seated by her side each night, he'll take her hand and say:

CHORUS.

Oh! Maggie Maguire, believe me, my girl, I adore you,
My heart's all afire, and I'll do anything for you;
Name the day, don't turn me away, I'm lonely when you roam,
Say you'll be true and I'll marry you as soon as I buy the home.

They often have a quarrel, just like others, her and Jim,
And then for days she'll pass him by, won't even nod to him;
Somehow they always "make up," though when Jimmy to her brings
A little present, which he gives, as pleadingly he sings:—*Chorus.*

McGinty at the Living Pictures

Copyright, 1894, by Spaulding & Gray. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London, Eng.

Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Dan McGinty went into the opera show
With his old wife Mary Ann,
And he took a front seat, near the middle aisle,
Amongst the bald-headed clan;
But he wasn't prepared for the sights he saw,
And he laughed with might and main
When the living pictures came to view,
Why he nearly went insane.

CHORUS.

When he saw the Sleeping Beauty, why he got such a shock
You could hear his heart a-ticking like an eight-day clock,
Then he danced and he pranced, and says he, "I've been to France,
But that's the finest sight I ever saw;"
Then his eyes bulged out, he began for to shout;
The gallery boys they hollered, "Put that Zulu out."
Then his wife grabbed his feet, pulled him under the seat,
So he couldn't gaze upon the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When the girl who posed as Venus, with her form so grand,
You could hear McGinty holler 'way above the band,
Then says he, "Mary Ann, you will lose your old man
If you don't be quick and take me out entirely;"
When he saw the lady bathers, he jumped like a hare,
It took nine ushers to hold him in his chair;
Then he whispered, with a grin, "Mary Ann, go take a swim
With the lady bathers in the living pictures."

CHORUS.

When he saw the other picture we thought sure he would die,
It was Adam and Eve gazing up to the sky.
Then he hollered, "Mary, dear, oh, why did you bring me here,
I can never love you now the way I used to;"
Then he looked at Mother Eve, and loudly he bawled,
"Bo golly, you'll be chilly when the snow does fall;"
Then the ushers grabbed him nice, stuck his head in a pail of ice,
Just to keep him cool while at the living pictures.

CHORUS.

Then he leaped and he crept, and he took another peep,
And the way he carried on made the audience weep,
Then his wife says, "Dan, do come home like a man,
If you must have living pictures, I will do them;"
But he didn't hear her speak, he was off in a trance,
Standing on a chair, doing the "Hoochy-Coochy" dance;
When the last girl posed, why they had to turn the hose
On McGinty, when he saw the living pictures.

Pat Malone Forgot that He Was Dead

Copyright, 1893, by H. W. Petrie.

Words by Harry C. Clyde. Melody by Jas. J. Sweeney.

Times were hard in Irish town, ev'rything was going down,
And Pat Malone was pushed for ready cash;
He for life insurance spent all his money to a cent,
So all of his affairs had gone to smash.
But his wife spoke up and said: "Now, dear Pat, if you were dead,
That twenty thousand dollars we could take."
And so Pat lay down and tried to make out that he had died.
Until he smelt the whiskey at the wake;
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He raised himself and shouted from the bed:
"If this wake goes on a minute, the corpse he must be in it;
You'll have to get me drunk to keep me dead."
Then they gave the corpse a sup, afterwards they filled him up,
And laid him out again upon the bed;
Then before the morning gray ev'rybody felt so gay,
They all forgot he only played off dead.
So they took him from the bunk, still alive, but awful drunk,
And put him in the coffin, with a prayer;
But the driver of the cart said: "Bedad, I'll never start
Until I see that some one pays the fare."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead;
He sat up in the coffin, while he said:
"If you dare to doubt my credit, you'll be sorry that you said it;
Drive on, or else the corpse will break your head."
So the fun'ral started out on the cemetery route,
And the neighbors tried the widow to console,
Till they stopped beside the base of Malone's last resting place,
And gently lowered Patrick in the hole.
Then Malone began to see, just as plain as one, two, three,
That he'd forgot to reckon on the end;
So, as clouds began to drop, he broke off the coffin top,
And to the earth he quickly did ascend.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.
Then Pat Malone forgot that he was dead,
And from the cemetery quickly fled;
He came nearly going under; it's a lucky thing, by thunder,
That Pat Malone forgot that he was dead.

OH! PROMISE ME

Copyright, 1889, by G. Schirmer.

Words by Clement Scott. Music by Reginald De Koven.

Oh, promise me that some day you and I
Will take our love together to some sky,
Where we can be alone and faith renew,
And find the hollows where those flowers grew;
Those first sweet violets of early spring,
Which come in whispers, thrill us both, and sing
Of love unspeakable that is to be—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

Oh, promise me that you will take my hand,
The most unworthy in this lonely land,
And let me sit beside you, in your eyes
Seeing the vision of our paradise;
Hearing God's message, while the organ rolls
Its mighty music to our very souls,
No love less perfect than a life with thee—
Oh, promise me, oh, promise me.

AFTERWARDS

Words by Mary Mark Lemon. Music by John W. Mullen.

After the day has sung its song of sorrow,
And one by one the golden stars appear,
I linger yet, where once we met, beloved,
And seem to feel thy spirit still is near.
The flowers have fled that blossomed in that springtide,
The birds are mute that sang their songs above,
And tho' the years have drifted us asunder,
Time cannot break the golden chain of love.
Still we can love, although the shadows gather;
Still we can hope, until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

Sometimes my heart grows weary of its sadness,
Sometimes my life grows weary of its pain,
Then, love, I wait and listen for your whisper,
Till tears depart and sunshine comes again.
It cannot be that we should part forever,
That love's sweet song is hushed for us alway;
I hear it yet, although its theme be altered;
"Twill reach thy heart, and bring thee back some day.
Love, we can love, although the shadows gather,
Still we can hope until the clouds be past;
Come to my heart and whisper through the silence,
"Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last;
Hope on, dear heart, our lives shall meet at last."

COME, PLAY WITH ME

Copyright, 1896, by Francis Day & Hunter. English copyright secured.

Words by G. P. Hawtrey. Music by Alfred Plumpton.

I have not been here very long, as yet I'm quite a stranger,
And so to try an English song may seem, perhaps, a danger.
One thing I ask, a favor slight, I hope you'll not refuse me.
That if I don't pronounce it right, you kindly will excuse me. [me.
I'm fond of games and romps, you see, I wish you'd come and play with

CHORUS.

For I have such a way with me,
A way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me,
Do not think it wrong.
I should like you to play with me,
To play with me, to play with me;
I will you'd come and play with me,
Play with me all the day long.

I have a friend, a nice young man, who likes to linger near me,
And when I told him of my plan, he said he'd come and hear me.
He told me I need fear no fright, that there would be no danger,
He said the song would be all right, although I was a stranger;
But now my friend I cannot see, he won't come out and play with me.

CHORUS.

Tho' I have such a way with me,
A way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me,
Do not think it wrong.
He won't come out and play with me,
And play with me, and play with me;
He won't come out and play with me,
Play with me all the day long.

He promised he'd be in his place, he promised, too, to cheer me;
He said that I should see his face, and know that he was near me;
But courage! though he is not here, there is not any danger,
You are my friends, I need not fear, although I am a stranger.
Ahi there he is, my friend, I see—will you come out and play with me.

CHORUS.

For I have such a way with me,
A way with me, a way with me;
I have such a nice little way with me,
Do not think it wrong.
Will you come out and play with me,
And play with me, and play with me;
Will you come out and play with me,
Play with me all the day long.

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Be sure to order a copy of the latest success by the composer of
"I Never Loved Until I Met You."

"SHE WAS NOT TO BLAME."

Words by BESSIE MITCHELL,
THIS IS THE CHORUS.
CHORUS.

Music by SAMUEL H. SPECK.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top staff is in common time (3/4) and G major. The lyrics are: "She gave him back the ring she loved so dear,..... And his". The second staff is in common time (3/4) and G major. The lyrics are: "picture which she always to her heart kept very near;.....". The third staff is in common time (3/4) and G major. The lyrics are: "All was o'er be - tween them, She'd ne'er bear his name;..... Their". The bottom staff is in common time (3/4) and G major. The lyrics are: "paths in life must lie a - part, But she was not to blame.....". The music features various chords and rests, with the bass line providing harmonic support.

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A Complete Copy of this Song
will be sent post-paid for 25c. by

H. J. WEHMAN,

108 Park Row, New York.

HALF-PAST NINE

Copyright, 1893, by Francis Day & Hunter. English copyright secured.

Words by Wat Phu. Music by Leo Le Brun.

Oh, sweet are vacations, they bring variations,
So thought Johnny Hopkins, a clerk,
As off, like a rocket, went he, cash in pocket.
Released from his dull office work;
He did not go touring, long travel enduring,
But to a small village unnamed,
Where he, although married, a love affair carried
On with a young girl, who exclaimed:

CHORUS.

I'll be there, love, at half-past nine;
I'll be there, be it rain or shine;
I'm your true love, and you are mine,
So meet me down the lane to-night at half-past nine.
Still they must be pitted, for they both omitted
To mention which end of the lane,
So whilst he, 'mid showers, stood one end for hours,
She stood at the other in vain.
She waited till ten, then said, "He's like all men; then:
I'll meet him to-morrow instead;
With heart down to zero, she wrote to our hero,
And this was the way the note read:—*Chorus.*
John's wife wasn't vicious, but she grew suspicious,
So down to the village she came;
Arrived unexpected, the note intercepted,
Resolving to upset his game;
Thought she, half-past nine, sir, the fun will be mine, sir,
For as the clock strikes, I'll strike, too;
With horse-whip she waited, and met him as stated,
Then walloped poor John black and blue. (Saying:—
CHORUS.
I've got here, love, by half-past nine;
I've got here; don't you think it fine;
I'm your true love, but you're not mine;
She left her trade-mark on him just at half-past nine.

I'll Not Go Out with Riley Any More

Copyright, MDCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman.

Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My old friend Johnnie Riley says, "Come, Mac, along with me;
I mean to draw me pension and we'll have a real old spree;
We'll both go down to Murphy's, then we'll stop in on Magee,
And have a drink or two at Missis Grady's."
Says I, "Now, John, come home; leave the drink and stuff alone,
And you'll feel the better man to-morrow morn."
"Devil-a-foot," he says, "I will, sure I mean to have me fill,"
So, like a fool, I had to go along.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Every bone within me body since is sore;
Sure he got me in a fight, and leave them lock me up all night,
No! I'll not go out with Riley any more.
Next morning Riley said to me, "Indeed, I'm sorry, Mack."
Says I, "I want no sympathy or anything like that;
Now if you had stood by me when you got me in a scrap,
I wouldn't be the sight I am this morning."
Says he, "Tut, tut, don't fret, sure I've plenty money yet;
Now cheer up, and we'll go out and take a drop"—
So, like a fool again, sure I did the very same,
And went with Riley, when I swore I'd not.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Just for fun, he poked a policeman in the jaw;
Then he ran away, did he, and let the copper collar me,
So I'll not go out with Riley any more.
Now Riley, here a week ago, went out one night alone,
Although he called around for me, I'm glad I wasn't home;
Me wife, she says, "It's likely that you'll find him at McGlone's."
Says he, "I'll stop there, Missis McAnally."
He'd gone a block or more, when a dangling wire he saw,
And so gently in the breezes did it sway,
And he thought the wire was dead, but 'twas full of life instead,
That happened just a week ago to-day.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
It was yesterday the last of him I saw;
As the funeral wond away, sure then I to myself did say,
Now I can't go out with Riley any more.

The Widow's Plea for Her Son

Copyright, 1893, by Louis H. R. & Co.

Composed by Lewis Hall.

I strolled into a court-house not many miles from here,
A boy stood in the prisoner's dock, his mother she was near;
The boy was quite a youngster, but he had gone astray,
And from his master's cash box he had taken some coin away.
The boy addressed His Honor, while the tears ran down his cheek.
Said he, "Kind sir, will you allow my mother there to speak?"
His Honor then consented, while the boy hung down his head,
And turning to the jurymen, these words his mother said:

CHORUS.

Remember, I'm his mother, and the prisoner there's my son,
And, gentlemen, remember, it's the first crime that he's done.
Don't send my boy to prison, for that would drive me mad;
Remember, I'm a widow, and I'm pleading for my lad.
The lawyer for the prosecution at the widow commenced to frown,
And politely asked His Honor if he'd order her to sit down.
He said it was disgraceful, and a gross insult, indeed,
His Honor to sit on that bench and allow that woman to plead.
The widow's eyes flashed fire, and her cheeks turned deadly pale;
She said, "I'm here to try and save my offspring from the gall.
Although my boy is guilty—I own his crime is bad,
But who's there that's more fit to plead than a mother for her lad?"—*Cho.*
The judge then addressed the prisoner, and these words to him did say:
"I'm sorry to sit on this bench, and see you here to-day.
I will not blight your future, but on your crime I frown,
For I can't forget that I have got some children of my own.
I therefore will discharge you"—and the court then gave a cheer—
"But remember that it's chiefly through your widowed mother there,
I hope you'll prove a comfort, and no more make her sad.
For she has proved there's no one else like a mother to her lad."
Remember, she's his mother, and the prisoner there's her son, etc.

My Girl Is a Winner

Copyright, 1896, by Nattes & Co.

Words and Music by E. Nattes.

There's a charming, neat soubrette, who will set me crazy yet;
All her actions are so cute, she's a daisy, she's a "beant."
When she comes upon the stage, this soubrette is all the rage;
What she says is all the go; she's a winner at the show.

CHORUS.

My girl is a winner at the music halls,
Neat dancer and singer, and she gets the calls.
I take her to dinner when the curtain falls,
My girl is a winner at the music halls.

She makes such a charming face when she shows a bit of lace;
All the bald heads have a fit while just watching for this bit.
She gets lots of nice bouquets for her lovely winning ways;
This soubrette you ought to know, she's a winner at the show.—*Cho.*

Dennie Murphy's Daughter Nell

Copyright, MDCCXCIV, by Henry J. Wehman. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words and Music by Chas. E. Baer.

Just down the street a block or two lives Murphy's daughter Nell;
Her hair is fair, her eyes are blue, indeed, she's quite a belle;
She smiles on me whene'er we meet, she has my heart and hand complete,
And when work is done I start and run my Nell to meet.

CHORUS.

Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell
Waits for me after tea;
She knows well, she dare not tell
That she's engaged to me.
But one of these days, when I get a raise,
The boy that she loves so well
Will marry Dennie Murphy's daughter Nell.

The old man says his daughter Nell can never marry me;
Says, she must wed a howling swell, that's rich and up in "G."
But on his Nell I've got first call, she says it's me or none at all,
And last night she said we will be wed some time this fall.—*Cho.*

THE LITTLE LOST CHILD

Copyright, 1891, by J. W. Stern. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London.

Words by Edw. B. Marks. Music by J. W. Stern.

A passing policeman found a little child;
She walked beside him, dried her tears and smiled.
Said he to her kindly, "Now you must not cry,
I will find your mamma for you bye and bye.
At the station when he asked her for her name,
And she answered Jeannie, it made him exclaim:
"At last of your mother I have now a trace—
Your little features bring back her sweet face."

CHORUS.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and I will take you right home.
Come and sit down close beside me; no more from me you shall roam:
For you were a babe in arms when your mother left me one day;
Left me at home, deserted, alone, and took you, my child away."

"Twas all through a quarrel, madly jealous she,
Vowed then to leave me, womanlike, you see.
Oh, how I loved her, grief near drove me wild."
"Papa, you are crying," lisped the little child.
Suddenly the door of the station opened wide:
"Have you seen my darling?" an anxious mother cried.
Husband and wife then meeting, face to face,
All is soon forgiven, in one fond embrace.

"Do not fear, my little darling, and we will take you right home, etc.

FALLEN BY THE WAYSIDE

Copyright, 1892, by Chas. K. Harris.

Words and Music by Chas. K. Harris. Arranged by Frank Mayr.

A handsome, noble-looking man came walking down the street,
Beside him strolled a little girl so beautiful and sweet,
Unconscious of the many eyes that lovingly were cast
On the handsome father and his happy child.
From o'er the way there came a lady
With burning tears that seemed to blind her eyes
As on the child she gazed;
"Oh, look, papa, there comes mamma,"
Cried the little innocent,
But the father quickly drew his babe away.

REFRAIN.

She has fallen by the wayside, she has gone beyond recall;
There's no hand outstretched to save her, not a friend that she can call;
Ev'ry door is closed against her, not a soul for her will mourn;
She has fallen by the wayside, she has gone beyond recall.

Down the street there goes a maiden, dressed with jewels bright & rare,
But the eyes that shone so brightly how they tell of woe and care;
Stop a one-time friend and whispers to her comrade passing by,
"Look, there's Josie," then they turn away and sigh.
"Tis but a year since she was with us,
A merry maiden, oh, so happy,
And with true friends by the score;
But she left them for another life,
Her mother's prayers were vain.

In our hearts she's dead to us forevermore.—*Refrain.*

In a quiet little cottage, standing back among the trees,
Growing ivy twining 'round the porch, the pathways strewn with leaves,
Within the cosy parlor, gathered 'round the fireside,
Can be seen the saddened family at home.
Pressed close against the cottage window,
A tear-stained face is looking straight within
Upon the loved ones all;
"Take me home," the poor child murmurs,
It comes from a breaking heart,
But their Josie had gone beyond recall.—*Refrain.*

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“IT WAS NOT DOWN ON THE PROGRAM.”

Words by **HOWARD GRAHAM**,

Music by **CHAS. GRAHAM**.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.
CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

It was not down on the program; she knew her Dad was there, She sang the song her mother loved, in tones so rich and rare, And it
set his mind a-thinking of the days he used to know, It was not down on the program, that sweet song of long a-go:

REFRAIN.

“MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.”

MAY BE SUNG, PLAYED OR OMITTED. AD LIBITUM.

Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day, We will
sing one song for the Old Ken-tuck - y Home, for the Old Ken-tuck - y Home far a - way.

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will be sent post-paid for 25c. by

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Pictures from Life's Other Side.

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In the world's mighty gall'ry of pictures hang the scenes that are painted from
The picture of love and of passion, the picture of peace and of strife; [life,
The picture of youth and of beauty, old age and the blushing young bride,
All hang on the wall, but the saddest of all are the pictures from life's other side.

CHORUS.

'Tis a picture from life's other side, some one who fell by the way,
A life has gone out with the tide that may have been happy one day;
Some poor old mother at home watching and waiting alone,
Longing to hear from the lov'd ones so dear, 'tis a picture from life's other side.

The first scene is that of a gambler who has lost all his money at play,
Draws his dead mother's ring from his finger, she wore on her wedding day;
His last earthly treasure he stakes it, bows his head that his shame he may hide,
When they lifted his head they found he was dead, 'tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The next tells a tale of two brothers whose paths in life diff'rent ways led,
The one was in luxury living, the other one begged for his bread;
One dark night they met on the highway, "Your money or life," the thief cried,
And he took with his knife his own brother's life, 'tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

The last is a scene by the river, of a heart-broken mother and babe, [saw;
'Neath the harbor lights' glare stands and shivers, an outcast whom no one will;
And yet she was once a true woman, she was somebody's darling and pride,
God help her, she leaps, there is no one to weep, 'tis a picture from life's other side.—*Chorus.*

LITTLE KITTY RILEY.

Copyright, 1897, by Geo. A. Cragg. Words and music by Geo. W. Moore.

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Just around the corner in a quiet little home,
There lives sweet Kitty Riley with her mother all alone;
There is no Brussels carpet, no paintings rich and rare,
'Tis just a scene of home, sweet home, and you are welcome there.

CHORUS.

Little Kitty Riley is the girl that I adore,
The girl that I would marry and love forever more;
A perfect bunch of sweetness, the soul of pride and neatness,
No girl can take the place of Kitty Riley.

I am often waiting while my Kitty passes by,
To catch a ray of sunshine from the corner of her eye;
Though she is not an heiress or girl of high degree,
But just a simple working girl yet good enough for me.

CHORUS.

Little Kitty Riley is the girl that I adore,
The girl that I would marry and love forever more;
A perfect bunch of sweetness, the soul of pride and neatness,
No girl can take the place of Kitty Riley.

Asleep at the Switch.

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The midnight express will be late here to-night,
So side-track the west-bound freight,
Those were the orders that Tom had received,
As he passed through the round-house gate;
Tom was the switchman, with heart true as steel,
And duty was first in his breast,
But the thought of his boy, who was dying at home,
Crazed Tom, and he fell at his post;
The shrill whistle blew on the freight for the west,
The rumble was heard of the midnight express.

REFRAIN.

Asleep at the switch, and no warning light,
To signal those trains that rushed through the night;
When down to the switch ran Tom's daughter's Nell,
The crisis had passed, the boy would get well.
She caught up the light and waved it on high,
And side-tracked the west-bound freight,
And the midnight express all in safety flew by,
While Tom was asleep at the switch.

The freight slowly backed on the main track again,
The men called to Tom good-night,
Only the sob of a girl made reply,
And they saw by the engine's light,
Tom lying fast at his post where he fell,
And there, with her head on his breast,
Was his brave daughter Nell, who had saved all their lives,
And those on the midnight express.
Each man on the freight for the west bared his head,
For Tom's heart had stopped, at his post he lay dead.

REFRAIN.

Asleep at the switch, the president read,
And my wife and child were on board, he said.
But as he read on his stern face relaxed,
This road shall reward such heroic acts.
He sat at his desk and filled out a check,
And sent it with all dispatch;
'Twas for Tom's daughter, Nell, for her brave deed that night,
While he slept his last sleep at the switch.

BETTER TIMES ARE COMING BYE AND BYE

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There are times when trouble's shadows seem to hover 'round our door,
Keeping out the sunshine which had made home bright before.
But many a bitter tear is check'd and many a tearful sigh,
Suppress'd in hopes that better times are coming bye and bye.

CHORUS.

Better times are coming bye and bye,
The sun will chase the shadows from the sky,
Then hard times will be no more, we'll be happy as of yore,
For better times are coming bye and bye.

As we journey on life's ocean many storms may 'round us rise,
Vainly do we seek a ray of light from darken'd skies,
But never mind, the sun will shine, then tear-stained cheeks will dry,
So live in hopes that better times are coming bye and bye.

CHORUS.

Better times are coming bye and bye,
The sun will chase the shadows from the sky,
Then hard times will be no more, we'll be happy as of yore,
For better times are coming bye and bye.

Order a copy of the latest success by Dave Marion, author of "Only one Girl in this World for Me," and numerous other popular songs.

"THERE'S ALWAYS A WELCOME AT HOME."

Words and Music by DAVE MARION.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.

CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

Sheet music for the song "There's Always a Welcome at Home" by Dave Marion. The music is in 3/4 time, key of G major. The piano accompaniment is in the right hand, and the vocal line is in the left hand. The lyrics are as follows:

There's al - ways a welcome at home,..... In the same place we still live a - lone,..... What's
been done has passed, so no questions we'll ask, You know we think of you where-e'er you may roam; Your
lit - tle room looks just the same,..... If you love us you'll come back a - gain,..... We'll be
hap - py once more, as in days of yore, There's al - ways a wel - come at home.

ritard. . . . a tempo.

ritard. . . . a tempo.

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A Complete Copy of this Song
will be sent post-paid for 30c. by **H. J. WEHMAN,**

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I'M MAMMA'S LITTLE GIRL

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A man who had an accident, while trav'ling on a train,
Received a shock that stunned his nerves and rendered him insane,
So in a country hospital for many years he lay
Until they thought that he was well, and he was sent away.
His wife and child who thought him dead, lived in a little town,
And through the streets, one summer's day, the man came wand'ring down,
And by a house he saw at play a very pretty child,
And when he said "whose girl are you?" she answered as she smiled:

CHORUS.

"I'm mamma's little girl, papa called me Baby Pearl;
Everybody that I see falls right in love with me.
I'm mamma's little girl, papa called me Baby Pearl,
For you see they all love me, I'm mamma's little girl!"

"You're Baby Pearl?" he asked of her, when suddenly she said,
"O there's my pussy run away," and after it she sped,
And running out, into the road, the sweet child did not heed
The great fire engine that came on, with swift and sudden speed.
The man saw all—a sudden run, his life, his all he braved—
From underneath the horses' heels the little one he saved,
When, light'ning like, he knew the truth, she was his own sweet child,
He said, "I know whose girl you are," and she said as she smiled:

CHORUS.

"I'm mamma's little girl, papa called me Baby Pearl;
Everybody that I see falls right in love with me.
I'm mamma's little girl, papa called me Baby Pearl,
For you see they all love me, I'm mamma's little girl!"

THE TRAMP'S DREAM

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Write to either one of the above addresses for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Shuffling along, shunned by the throng, there trudges a wretched old tramp;
Hungry and worn, clothes to shreds torn, and still with the morning dew damp;
Now in the square he watches there the children who play with their toys;
Sooe his eyes close, sleep drowns his woes, he dreams of the past and its joys.

CHORUS.

He was dreaming of the friends of his childhood,
Of the glad days he roamed thro' the wildwood,
Of his boyhood sweetheart, and their little dog-cart,
And the wild flowers that grew by the stream,
Of the crime that had made him a drunkard,
Of the two neglected graves in the church-yard,
Of his mother's last kiss, and the joys he did miss,
Were all pictured in the poor old tramp's dream.

Startled he wakes, truth on him breaks—ales! it is only a dream.
Pleasures ne'er last, past remains past, and dreams are the sole joys supreme.
So he'll live on till life is gone—"tis too late to mend his bad ways.
Still through regret he'll ne'er forget the dream of his once happy days.

CHORUS.

He was dreaming of the friends of his childhood,
Of the glad days he roamed thro' the wildwood,
Of his boyhood sweetheart, and their little dog-cart,
And the wild flowers that grew by the stream,
Of the crime that had made him a drunkard,
Of the two neglected graves in the church-yard,
Of his mother's last kiss, and the joys he did miss,
Were all pictured in the poor old tramp's dream.

Will You Love Me, Sweetheart, WHEN I'M OLD?

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Sweetheart with the glorious eyes, where young love a-dreaming lies;
Sweetheart with the blushing cheeks, where young love its secret speaks;
Sweetheart with the trusting looks, telling more than any bookst!
Answer now, and answer true, 'tis all I ask of you.

CHORUS.

Will you love me, sweetheart, when I'm old?
Will that love of yours be ever cold?
If I were to leave you, would it truly grieve you?
Will you love me, sweetheart, love me, when I'm old?

Love is hopeful in its May, when 'tis sunny ev'ry day,
When the song of birds repeat simple stories ever sweet,
But when autumn brings its gloom, and fair flowers cease to bloom,
Answer now, I will not blame, will you love me just the same?

CHORUS.

Will you love me, sweetheart, when I'm old?
Will that love of yours be ever cold?
If I were to leave you, would it truly grieve you?
Will you love me, sweetheart, love me, when I'm old?
(Repeat last line twice if not too high, otherwise this song can end here.)

She Might Flirt With Others

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A crowd of boys that stand around near Hester and Canal,
And Bill Magee was the only one that had a Sunday gal.
The other boys were jealous, and they'd tell him that she'd flirt,
Then Bill Magee would slug out when his feelings they would hurt:

REFRAIN.

She might flirt with others, still she loves but me;
The merry twinkle in her eye has caused much jealousy;
If she says a thing she means it, so contented I will be;
She might flirt with others, still she loves but me.

One day he called upon her and he asked her if 'twas true;
Her answer came back, "Darling Will, I love none else but you."
The next night on the corner, when they told him the same thing,
He knew that they were jealous, and he once again did sing:

REFRAIN.

She might flirt with others, still she loves but me;
The merry twinkle in her eye has caused much jealousy;
If she says a thing she means it, so contented I will be;
She might flirt with others, still she loves but me.

Tell your Music Dealer to order a copy of this Beautiful Song for you:

“YOU ARE MY SWEETHEART.”

Words by Harry S. Marion, Music by J. P. Mullen.

THIS IS THE CHORUS.

TRY IT ON YOUR PIANO.

CHORUS.

The sheet music consists of four staves of musical notation. The top staff is for the vocal part, the second staff is for the piano right hand, the third staff is for the piano left hand, and the bottom staff is for the bass or double bass. The music is in common time (indicated by '3/4' with a '2' over it). The vocal part starts with 'You are my sweet - - heart,' followed by 'I will love you ev - - er,' and 'What - ev - er.' The piano parts provide harmonic support with various chords and bass lines. The lyrics continue in the second section with 'troub - les you may have,' 'We will share to - geth - - er,' 'When I'm a,' 'man I will mar - ry you,' 'Then we'll nev - er part.....', and 'There's noth-ing too'. The final section begins with 'good in this world for you, My own sweet - - heart.....' followed by a repeat sign and 'heart.....'. The piano parts include a bass line with a bass clef and a treble clef above it, and a treble clef for the right hand. The bass line has a 'D. S.' (Da Capo) instruction at the end.

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GO 'WAY, GAL

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Composed by Otto Bonnell.

When I go promenading, as oftentimes I do,
The ladies stop to look at me, because my style is true,
Miss Nina Perkins and Sally Simpkins,
And all the fashionable gals say how de do, but I say

CHORUS.

Go 'way, gal, I want no truck with you;
O go 'way, gal, your pedigree's too new;
Now go 'way, gal, your style will never do;
I wear a silk-lined overcoat, and I fly too high for you.
O I say go 'way, gal, I want no truck with you;
Go 'way, gal, your pedigree's too new;
O go 'way, gal, your style will never do;
I wear a silk-lined overcoat and I fly too high for you.

They all have set their eyes on this 'stingyish-looking man,
And in their inmost soul they say I'll get him if I can;
They're all in line, but they're losing time.
For this coon's no ordinary Clark Street black and tan, for I say—Cho.

Some coons get mighty jealous, and then call me a dude,
But that's just ignoramusness, and don't do dem no good;
They guy my walk, but you hear me talk,
There is just one proper coon, and this here am the one, and I say—Cho.

They Hung Up Michael Dugan

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Composed by J. Sweeny.

An Irishman named Dugan owned a barroom here in town,
And every one that entered it he'd always try to down;
He kept the poorest whiskey and he charged the highest price.
The moment you got in the place he'd want to shake the dice;
If you got in an argument, no matter when or how,
Before you got out of the place there'd surely be a row;
He'd give you all a hard-boiled egg, and that you'd have to eat;
I'd never pay a cent for drink, he'd put it on the slate;

CHORUS.

And so I hung up Michael Dugan more than twenty times a day—
I hung up Michael Dugan and I played him for a jay;
I blew in all the money that the house took in to-day,
I've been hanging Michael Dugan up since morning.

Now Dugan set an awful lunch a bulldog could not eat—
The pigs' feet they were rusty, they would pull out all your teeth.
I often thought I'd write a note down to the Board of Health,
For the roaches made a lodging house of the soup-bowl on the shelf;
One day a man was hungry and he ate some of the ham;
The ham was filled with strychnine, and right there he had the jams;
He made a twist and made a twirl and fell without a blink;
Now Dugan's gone to sue the corpse, to pay for his last drink.

CHORUS.

For he had hung up Michael Dugan by a curious device;
He hung up Michael Dugan; he said, put it on ice;
He shook him craps for fifty bills and wrung in loaded dice;
He'd been hanging Michael Dugan up since morning.

Sure invitations they were sent by Dugan to his friends.
To call Saint Patrick's morning and a shamrock he'd extend.
He had them strewn along the bar in glasses trimmed with green,
With a little lunch and salt and pepper sandwiched in between;
Just then two Dutchmen entered, they said gleb uns zwet bier;
They ate up all the shamrocks, saying, the salat's fine in here.
They ate their lunch, they ate it quick, their time was very short.
The Irish was insulted and poor Dugan went to court.

CHORUS.

And so they hung up Michael Dugan just eighteen feet in the air,
And if the Dutchmen had their say he'd still be hanging there,
But now that Michael's silent he has no thought or care
For Dutch or Irish on St. Patrick's morning.

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Parody on A HOT TIME IN THE OLD TOWN TO-NIGHT

Send for Free Catalogue of Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Fortune Tellers, Trick Books, Recitation Books, Penny Ballads, Call Books, Joke Books, Sketch Books, Stump Speeches, Irish Song Books, Cook Books, Books of Amusement, Sheet Music, etc. to Henry J. Wehman, 108 Park Row, New York.

Written and Composed by Billy E. Johnson and Billy Gordon.

It makes no difference where you go,
Within this last year, cry of hard times
Has been ringing in our ears;
Now we have a change some place between both me and you,
We must have some change in our pockets, too;
Oh me, oh my, you can hear them people yell,
Since McKinley's gone in office
This town has gone to h—l,
If we elected Bryan we'd all been living swell,
We'd have a hot time in the old town to-night.

CHORUS.

Gosh darn it—
Then open up your gambling houses, let the gamblers play,
Open up your race tracks, let them bet away;
Open up your factories, so the men can earn fair pay,
We'll have a hot time if you do, that's right.

CHORUS.

Chicago has a man by the name of Bates,
He had so many wives he got mixed up in his dates,
If Mr. Johnson turned him loose, he'd have married the United States.
We'd have had a wedding in the old town every night.

CHORUS.

One dark night when the folks were all in bed,
Mrs. O'Leary put the lamp in the cow's shed,
The cow kicked it over, winked his eye and said,
We'll have a hot time in Chicago to-night.

CHORUS.

Did you ever go on a spree,
Fill yourself with good old 'Skee,
When you get home search your pockets, you can't find your key,
There'll be a cold time on the outside that night.

CHORUS.

Then you try to lift the window nice,
And you slip upon a little ice, then down the stairs you will fall,
You can hear your wife yell,
There'll be a hot time when you come up to-night.

CHORUS.

We could sing these verses for one year,
But too many verses, they wouldn't take here,
And you must remember there's other stars to appear,
And give a hot show in this house to-night.

ON THE DUMMY LINE

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The words and music of this song, arranged for the piano, will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents; or this and any two other songs for One Dollar, by Henry J. Wehman, 108 Park Row, New York. Write to above address for Free Catalogue of Songs, Song Books, Sheet Music, German Song Books, Letter Writers, Dream Books, Joke Books, etc.

Composed by James Grayson.

Now let me tell you what the dummy done,
She left St. Louis about half-past one,
She left St. Louis about half-past one,
An' she got into Nashville at de setting ob de sun.

CHORUS.

On de dummy, on de dummy line,
Gwine to rise and shine, gwine to pay my fine,
Gwine to rise and shine and pay my fine,
When I ride on de dummy line.

I got on de dummy, didn't have no fare,
Conductor says what is you doin' dere,
Grabbed me by de collar, kicked me to do door,
Says don't want to see you on dat dummy no more.—Cho.

My horse wuz doubled up, er sight to see;
I used up der lhamment mighty free;
Says he to me "dar's no use doin' dat,
'Cause it's down in de stomach war de misery is at"—Cho.

Peter Jackson, being so tall and black,
He hit Frank Slavin a finishing crack;
He jumped on de dummy and he pulled de cord,
And now he is presented to an English lord.—Chorus.

I love my wife and I love my baby,
I love dem flapjacks floating in gravy;
I toast my dice to make passes,
And I love dem flapjacks floating in molasses.—Chorus.

SONGS

ONE CENT EACH.

1 Baby mine
2 But education has my Mary Ann
3 Old Lang Syne
4 Ella Lee
5 Old cabin home
6 Little ones at home
7 Old black Joe
8 Home, sweet home
9 Larboard watch
10 Many can help one
11 Killarney
12 See that my grave's kept green
13 Grandfather's clock
14 Hammett's "Lilababy"
15 The harp that once th' Tara's halle
16 My country, 'tis of thee
17 Sweet forget-me-not
18 Where was Moses when the light went
19 Nancy Lee
20 Write me a letter from home
21 Beautiful isle of the sea
22 Old folks at home (Shanee ribbon)
23 Come back to Erin
24 Good-bye, my love
25 My pretty red rose
26 Whoo, Emma
27 Katie's secret
28 You'll remember me
29 Rocked in the cradle of the deep
30 Kathleen Mavourneen
31 I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls
32 Wearing of the green
33 When you and I were young, Maggie
34 We ploughed by the river side
35 When I saw sweet Nellie home
36 Sweet spirit, hear my prayer
37 Last rose of summer
38 Shamur O'Brien
39 Exile of Erin
40 Maggie's secret
41 Or any other man—stun, speech
42 I cannot call her mother
43 Would I were with the
44 Poor old man
45 Our social club
46 Cumberland's crew
47 Take this letter to my mother
48 A model love letter
49 Female stratagem
50 How to kiss a lady
51 Dublin bay
52 The wife's commandments
53 The husband's commandments
54 Rules for bunnies
55 Little old dog cabin in the lane
56 Barbara Fritchie—EXCERPTATION
57 Marching through Georgia
58 When I was a lad—Pinfare
59 Widow in the cottage by the sea
60 Dancing in the barn
61 Fire in the grate
62 Wandering refugee
63 Blue-eyed Nelly
64 Mineral boy
65 Letter in the candle
66 Star-spangled banner
67 Dancing on the green
68 Heart bow'd down
69 Take back the heart
70 The watermill—EXCERPTATION
71 Faded coat of blue
72 Hold the fort
73 Slavery days
74 Der mule ahoed on de steamboat deck
75 Little barefoot
76 Kentucky home, good-night
77 Room again
78 Thou art so near and yet so far
79 Sword of Bunker Hill
80 Office rules
81 Gray hairs of my mother
82 Good Rhine wine
83 I'll be all smil'de to-night, love
84 You've been a friend to me
85 Listen to the mocking-bird
86 When the corn is waving, Annie
87 And not a plucked him, nor a
88 Silver threads among the gold
89 Little robin, tell Kitty I'm coming
90 Ring the bell softly there's craps on the
91 Boy lost (laughable)
92 Her bright smile haunts me still
93 Sunday night when the parlor's full
94 Gypsy's warning
95 Anchor's weighed
96 Moon behind the hill
97 Swinging in the lane
98 Old fashioned ride—EXCERPTATION
99 We met, 'twas in a crowd
100 Eileen Allanna
101 'Tis but a little faded flower
102 Touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise
103 Girl I left behind me
104 Little Buttercup
105 His sisters, cousins and aunts
106 Carry me back to old Virginny
107 Roses underneath the snow
108 Kitty Wells
109 Billy's appeal to his ma
110 When the swallows homeward fly
111 Old man's drink again
112 The Orpheans (Brooklyn theatre fire)
113 Amber bracelet in blue
114 Pretty as a picture
115 I am waiting, Emile, dear
116 Three perished in the snow
117 Slight hints
118 Take me back to home and mother
119 Come, sit by my side, little darling
120 Kiss me, mother, kiss your darling
121 Bingen on the Rhine
122 Flower from my angel mother's grave
123 Old log cabin on the hill
124 Crooked boy
125 Skids are out-to-day
126 The bridge
127 Shabby genteel
128 Ooh, dat watermelon

129 Comin' through the rye
130 Must we then meet as strangers
131 Babies on our block
132 Brenner on the Moor
133 Skidmore's fancy ball
134 Hallway door
135 Where the grass grows green
136 Darling Beebe of the tea
137 Kim behind the door
138 I'll remember you, love, in my prayers
139 Mary of the wild Moor
140 Old wooden rocker
141 Sweet, only sweet
142 Dancing around with Charlie
143 Where art thou now, my beloved?
144 Molle, darling
145 You may look, but you mustn't touch
146 My daughter, Julia
147 Raffle for the stove
148 Balm of Gilead
149 There's always a seat in the parlor for
150 Driven from home
151 I'm a poor waif, now I'm weeping
152 Put for the children
153 Nearer, my God, to Thee
154 Good news from home
155 Fisherman's daughter
156 Shells of ocean
157 Massa's in the cold, cold ground
158 Say a kind word when you can
159 Cure for scandal
160 Twilight cotterie
161 Strangers' et
162 Dear little starrock
163 I cannot sing the old songs
164 Norah O'Neal
165 Waiting, my darling, for thee
166 Rose of Tralee
167 Jennie, the flower of Kildare
168 I'm lonely since my mother died
169 Drunkard's lone child
170 Tenting on the old camp ground
171 Give up flirtation
172 Hat flirtation
173 Slave's dream
174 Don't you go, Tommy, don't go
175 Sweet Evangeline
176 Good-bye at the door
177 'Tis hard to give the hand where the
178 Willie, we have missed you [heart, etc.
179 Erin's lovely home
180 Over the hills to the poor-house
181 Twenty years ago
182 Daddy's land
183 Dear old school on the green
184 Woodman, spare that tree
185 Barbara Fritchie—EXCERPTATION
186 Darling Minnie Lee
187 Hat flirtation
188 Fan flirtation
189 Flea as a bird to your mountain
190 Good-bye, Annie, darling (Knock Aden)
191 Why did she leave him?
192 A quiet little home
193 Mother's heart leaned to love another
194 Mary of Argle
195 Nil Desperandum
196 Sweet Highland Mary
197 Evening amusement (laughable)
198 Hold me close
199 Remember you have children of your
200 There's none like a mother if ever so
201 You were fat, but I'll forgive [poor
202 Sweet Magie Gordie
203 Bell of Shandon
204 Old log cabin in the dell
205 Whisper softly, mother's dying
206 Erin's green shore
207 Will you love me when I'm old
208 Donnelly and Cooper
209 Gathering shells by the sea shore
210 Little Red Riding Hood
211 By the sad sea waves
212 Come into the garden, Maude
213 Harp and shamrock of Erin
214 Where there's a will there's a way
215 God bless my boy at sea
216 Annie Laurie
217 Mac's and the O's
218 Sherman's march to the sea
219 Lamentation of James Rodgers
220 Birdie, birdie, come
221 Now I lay me down to sleep
222 Ever of the same
223 Norah McShane
224 Love among the roses
225 Shamus O'Brien—EXCERPTATION
226 Der Deitricher gal
227 No Irish need apply
228 Old arm chair
229 Tim Flaherty
230 We sat by the river [ou and I
231 I love you, too
232 Sweet Genevieve
233 When the flowers fall asleep
234 Patrick Sheehan
235 Sailor's grave
236 Pretty maid milking her cow
237 Kentucky Rose
238 Farmer's daughter
239 Oh, dem golden slippers
240 In the morning by the bright lights
241 Boddy's darling
242 Poor old mother still
243 Somebody's mother—EXCERPTATION
244 Birdie, darling
245 Nobody's darling but mine
246 Rock me to sleep, m'ther
247 Put my little shoes away
248 Darling Nelly Gray
249 Somebody's coming when the dewdrops
250 Old Ireland and mother [because we
251 I left my brown jug
252 Bon Bon
253 Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye
254 Erin is my home

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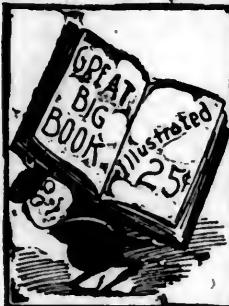


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